THE CANDIDATES FOR THE BAYS. A POEM.

These are the Wags, that boldly did adventure
To break as ſoon as make their link'd Indenture;
That cavil for their Dividend of Praiſe,
And juſtly wear *Fools Caps*, yet aim at *Bays*.
Prologue to the Sultaneſs, *vice verſa.*

Written by SCRIBLERUS TERTIUS.

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A POEM.

BRITANNIA long since was the Muſes Retreat,
As rich in her Commerce, in Learning as great:
Her Bards wrote divine, divine was their Praiſe,
Ben Johnſon was worthily crown'd with the Bays.

Tom Thumb and ſuch Stuff alone tickle this Age;
Church Canons are few to the Rules of the *Stage*;
For in ſuiting the Plot to the Players good Grace,
They baniſh the *Senſe* for Time, Action and Place.

Mayn't *T*——, *D*——, and *C*—— be ſaid
T' have murder'd poor *Shakeſpear*, tho' long ago dead;
His Stile is in Fetters, his Senſe in a Chain,
His Lines are diſmember'd, his Heroes are ſlain:
While *(a)* *H*——*y* of *Bantam*, and *(b)* *Doodle*'s reſpected,
Othello and *Hamlet* are wholly neglected.
The Laurel, that from antique *Chaucer* to *Rowe*
Had never been plac'd on a Scribler's dull Brow,
But gracefully on the Deſerver's Head ſat,
Whoſe Lines were majeſtick, whoſe Numbers were ſweet,
Was given to *E*——, whilſt *P*——, *S*—— and *G*——
Are kept by Sir *R*—— from Favour or Bay.
The laſt has been ſilenc'd for ſinging Lampoon,
Where he meant to expoſe but the Vice of the Town:

(a) Vid. The Author's Farce. (b) Vid. *Tom Thumb*.

So

So the S——— we find can deter the Bard's Flight,
And only * *Tom Cunn-y* permitted to write.

Now *E*——— is dead, and at diſtance the *Bays*
Is hung, for dull Block-heads and Scriblers to gaze,
Not one of 'em views it, but talks how he's read,
And ſwears it would gracefully look on his Head:
While Contentions are made betwixt Men of great Note,
And ev'ry one boaſts how deſerving h'as wrote,
From Garret, from Plowing, from *Weſtminſter-Hall*,
From Taylors and Cordwainers Houſes of Call;
Some come from the Court, and from *Billinſgate* ſome,
And others from Taverns and Alehouſes come;
Such thruſting, ſuch ſqueazing, ſuch puſhing is there,
While the Bays, like *Jack Pudding* at *Bartholmew* Fair,
Is all they can wonder at, all they can ſee,
And Maſter of that is the moſt they can be:
Ev'ry one here gives a Bob to his Friend,
And buſtles and joſtles to ſerve his own End:

* The Author of the *B*—— *J*———.

For

For would not a Man, with ſuch Honours in View,
Bid Friends and the Title of Friendſhip adieu.

The firſt from the County of * *Wilts*, with a Flail,
Competitors by Word and Blow to aſſail;
He brags how from *nothing* he nothing has done,
Yet been made much at Court, and the Talk of the Town.

Next *C*——- appears, with an impudent Face,
Takes Snuff, and —— "Gad demme — I'm fit for the Place,
For my *(a) Paſtoral*, join'd to my ſweet *(b) Marrow-bone*,
Has more than the *(c) Threſher* or *Shunamite* done:
So bravely the *(d)* Clowns give each other the Lye;
Tis brave, and 'tis florid, 'tis good — let me die.
Philautus ſo wittily talks to the Fair,
Such Songs too he ſings, with ſo pleaſing an Air,
The beſt of *Tom D'Urfey*——can't with 'em compare.

* *S*——n *D*——k. (a) *L*—— *in a R*——.
(b) See the *P*—— *H*——, a Comedy.
(c) The *Threſher's Labour* and *Shunamite*, two Poems wrote by *S*——n *D*——k.
(d) *Cimon* and *Mopſus*, in *Love in a Riddle*.

In

In playing the Villain I've acted indeed,
My Pen has made murdering (*a*) *Richard* to bleed;
I've ta'en out his *Beauties*—'tis flat—and 'tis dull;
I've ſhown him leſs Knave—and myſelf more a Fool."

Next Harlequin *L*——, with a Mask and a Dance,
And a (*b*) Horn-Puffer, newly come over from *France*;
He ſays, by Grimace and a Caper he ſhews
More Senſe than all *C*——'s Heroicks or Proſe:
That (*c*) *Foppington*, (*c*) *Faſhion*, and plunder'd (*d*) *Tartuffe*,
(*c*) *Xemena*, or (*c*) *Cæſar*, or any ſuch Stuff,
His (*c*) *Wronghead*, his (*c*) *Cimon*, can none of 'em cope
With Harlequin ty'd by the Neck in a Rope:
'Tis a fine *Patchwork Jacket* alone that is witty;
'Tis a Dance of dumb Devils has raviſh'd the City;
Affording ſage Lawyers Diverſion and Sport,
And goes down with nice palated Ladies at Court:

(*a*) *Richard the Third*, an hiſtorical Tragedy, alter'd (much for the worſe) from *Shakeſpear* by *C*——.

(*b*) *Joſeph Frederick Creta* blew two *French* Horns at once, before his Royal Highneſs the Prince of *Wales*, at the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*.

(*c*) Principal Parts in *C*——'s Plays.

(*d*) The *N*—— ſtole from *Tartuffe*, with *C*——'s Name to it.

His

His Judgment is deep, as by *(a) Silvia* appears,
There's fineſt of Language, and florider Airs!
He laughs at the *(b) brazen Corinthian*—— poor Rogue!
His three dancing *(c) Cats* yield to one ſinging *(d) Dog.*
Therefore by *dumb Motion*, he wittily ſays,
That he is the only Man worthy the Bays.

Then *(e)* he that has pleas'd the fag End of the Town,
And made G——*d* with Damſels of *Rag-Fair* go down;
That St. *Giles* and St. *Mary*'s has made his Reſort,
In the midſt of the Mob, by a Grant from the Court;
And like *Theſpis*, the firſt that e'er follow'd his Trade,
Of a *Dung-Cart* a Stage and a Playhouſe has made:
No Diſtinction he makes 'twixt *December* and *June*,
And ſings both the *(f)* Cobler and King in a Tune.
By's *(g) Patron* and *(g) Smuglers*, and ſuch wretched Stuff,
Thinks he for the Place has wrote Nonſenſe enough.

(*a*) *Sylvia, or the Country Burial*, an Opera. (*b*) Vide *Love in a Riddle.*
(*c*) In *Cephalus and Procris.* (*d*) In *Perſeus and Andromeda.*
(*e*) T—— O——.

(*f*) A Friend of the Author's offering the *Cobler of Preſton* made into an Opera to *O*——, he rejected it, producing an Opera of his own Writing, called the *Patron*; he told the young Author, that Songs ſhould be wrote in ſuch a Stile, whether ſung by Prince or Peaſant——for that was indeed Poetry. (*g*) Two Opera's wrote by *O*--.

Grave

Grave *Roger*, who weekly with *Caleb* diſputes,
And thinks his *Conundrums* the *C——n* confutes ; Craftsman
That proves Roguery Honeſt, and conſtantly tries
(While he ſtiles himſelf *C—r*) to countenance Vice
Commending the Courtiers, whatever they do,
Has now this gay Garland the Bays in his View :
Then *D'Anvers* look to't, if the Laurel he gains,
He'll write you ſuch Letters ſhall worry your rains!
Such Maxims ſo deep, and ſuch ſound Politicks!
Not *Billy S*—Hands, nor his Counſellors *Nick*'s,
Not all the Aſſiſtance, that ever they've got,
Of fam'd *Philo-Patria*, *Rawleigh* or *Trot*,
Will be able to anſwer what *Manly* will put.

The next is *N— W—*, as famouſly known
For pleaſing with Verſe, as with Liquor the Town ;
If his Poetry's rough, he can bring it in play ;
What ſticks in the Stomach when Ale ſmooths the Way ?
No Int'reſt has he, but the Pipe and the Pot ;
But Drunkards can compaſs the Devil knows what :

Then if his weak Merit at Writing ſhould fail,
He'll finiſh his Work by the Strength of his Ale:
Therefore the City is humbly to ſtrive
The Bays may be given to keep him alive:
If by Chance he ſhould fail, 'tis ſaid my L---- M----
Will take him into his Protection and Care
To make Panegyricks on him and his Beer.

Next * *L*--- who was heretofore of the Law,
(But *Apollo* found in his Proceedings a Flaw)
His *Error* appear'd, for he jump'd like a Fool,
From a dull *Attorney* t'a *Poet* more dull:
He ſet up a *(a) Pharoh-Bank*; that was put down;
But ſtill he reſolv'd he would ſhark on the Town,
And vend Poems and Plays that were none of his own.
He has father'd on *Shakeſpear*, and † *Shakeſpear*'s has father'd;
From the [*b*] Watch-Maker's Play all the Profits he gather'd.
In caſting Accounts once he blotted his Page,
And had weekly Allowance [*c*] for ſweeping the Stage:

* *L*——— *T*——— [*a*] In *H*ollis——— *Street, Clare-Market.*

† The *D*——— *F*——— ſaid to be wrote by *Scakeſpear*, but no more his, than that ſpurious Piece of ſtuff call'd *Heroick Friendſhip* is Mr. *Otway*'s.

[*b*] The *P*——— *B*———, a perfidious Trick well known.

[*c*] Manager of the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, and ſwept the Stage by Deputies.

But

But now wanting Money, and ſcanty of Praiſe,
Has Hopes that his Labour'll be crown'd with the Bays.

The * yearly Play-Writer, of *Buttons* the beſt,
(Or in his Conceit he excells all the reſt)
Commending his Nameſake's known Wit to the Town,
Believ'd his own Writings would better go down:
For the Poem's ill hap he the Author does ſcoff,
But *Gay* in his turn has a reaſon to laugh:
His *Polly* has got what his *Townly* has loſt:
And how can the *Village* or *Chamber-Maid* boaſt;
Unable to drudge, he's for changing his Road
From an annual Play to an annual Ode.

Bedaub'd o'er with Snuff, and as drunk as a Drum,
And mad as a *March* Hare Beau *F*—— does come; Fielding
He ſtaggers, and ſwears he will never ſubmit
To Correction of *(a)* Friends, or the Cenſure of *Pit*;

* *C*——— — *J*——— fam'd for writing a Play once a Year; his Brains being at the loweſt Ebb laſt Seaſon, produced nothing but the *V*——— *O*——— by the Name of the *C*———.

(*a*) This Gentleman is ſo ſelf-conceited that he quarrels with every one that ſhews him a Fault.

He ſays what is flat ſhall for ever be ſo,
Who tells him a Fault he eſteems as a Foe;
He begs that *Apollo*'ll his Labours compleat,
And give him the Bays, or the Wearer's Eſtate:
He inſtances each little Thing he has wrote,
And makes a new *Item* of every Thought;
Commending himſelf as he paſſes along,
From *R*—— upon *R*—— to *(b) Belinda* a Song:
He vamps upon wretched heroick Bombaſt,
And ſings the Succeſs that attended the laſt:
He'll ſhew both himſelf and *(c)* Aſſiſtants are no Wits,
By valiant *T*—*T*—— and his *(d) Battle of Poets:*
He ſteals all his Beauties when they're in their Fulneſs,
As by *(e) Luckleſs* appears, and the *(f)* Goddeſs of *Dulneſs*.

(b) *Vain Belinda are your Wiles*, a favourite Air in the *Temple Beau*, but none of the beſt, for a Simile between a delicate Belle and a Ruffian Bully can never be coherent.

(c) Said to be aſſiſted by ſeveral Hands in his Dramatick Performances, as a Scene from *this*, and a Scene from *that* Perſon of Quality, which he introduces as he thinks fit: How true it is we leave our Readers to judge, but will ſay this, his Plays ſeem Pieces of Senſe and Nonſenſe, like Harlequin's Patch-work Jacket ſow'd together.

[d] A new Scene introduced in *T*——*T*—— upon the *Scotchman's* Holy-day.

[e] Vide Author's Farce, the Scene between *Luckleſs* and his Landlady, pirated from *L*— *in a B*—, and the Goddeſs of *Nonſenſe* from the Goddeſs *Dulneſs* in the *D*——.

Next *Ralpho* appears, and of * *Liberty* writes,
Or dully deſcribes the Dulneſs of [*a*] *Nights:*
He anſwers *P*---'s Rhymes in [*b*] blank Verſe or Proſe,
As a Bully returns windy Words for hard Blows:
His [*c*] *Lyrick Performance* ſo ſweetly is ſung,
So ſmoothly the Numbers run over the Tongue;
He prays for its Sake, that the reſt may be paſt,
And the next New-year's Ode ſhall be worſe than the laſt.

B--- M---- comes next, with a break and a [*d*] *Ha--!*, Benjamin Martin
And luckily gain'd Four-third Nights for a Play,
'Gainſt regal Authority rails, — yet the Thing
Has with Impudence laid at the Feet of the King.
He too has great Hopes, as h'as ſuch a Wit,
To fill (at the price of the (*e*) Boxes) — the Pit:

* *Zeuma*, or *Love and Liberty*, a Poem. written by *J* ——— *R* ———!
[*a*] *Night*, a Poem, by the ſame. [*b*] *Sawney*, a Poem.
[*c*] An harmonious Ode without a Rhyme, call'd *The Muſes Addreſs to the King*. By the ſame.
[*d*] *Timoleon*, a Tragedy. The Author has great Intereſt, but his Pericranium not being over fertile, *Ha!* fill'd up a Line when he was at a Loſs for a Word.
[*e*] On the Third and Sixth Night the Pit and Boxes laid together at 5 *s.*

The

The Bays will be happily plac'd on his Head,
So the Author may live, ſince *Timophanes'* dead.

Next *O*---- comes, who a long time before,
The Bays or at leaſt he the Name of it wore;
H' was putting down Opera, Farce, Play and Ball:
But hap'd in his * *Pantomine* Triumph to fall.
He hopes in good earneſt, this Tempter the Bays
Will juſtly be ſaid the Reward of his Lays.

Jack Dennis

And laſtly *J*--- *D*---, who never could write,
But bark like a Cur, and unable to bite;
He'd cavil with this, and would find fault with that,
And when Authors are dead, [*a*] ſay their Writings are flat;
Sent Bombs to the Heart of each Poem or Play;
He laſh'd ev'ry Author that fell in his Way:
He too at poor *Shakeſpear* has drawn forth his Pen;
He has marr'd, and endeavour'd to make him again;
'Till the Town have in *Coriolanus* been bit,
And ſtil'd him a Blockhead for ſpoiling a Wit:

* Vide *Bays's Opera.* [*a*] His Remarks on *Cato* not publiſh'd 'till the Author's Death.

But

But now he muſt yield to the Weight of his Age,
Unable to help, or to hinder the Stage:
He'll promiſe to lay aſide Malice and Spleen,
For tho' his Head's grey, it may yet wear the green.

Thus *T*-----, *C*----, and *O*---, and *R*---,
The one thinks to pleaſe, and the other bewitch;
And *D*----- and *M*-----, and *J*----- and *W*----
Muſt be put in for Laureat, or think their Caſe hard:
O----, *R*---, and *S*--- *D*--- claims
The Honour to light upon each of their Names:
But not for their Merit; 'tis Int'reſt muſt guide,
Or the Title would go from each of 'em wide:
Yet they have Deſervings - - we'll give 'em their Praiſe,
They are worthy of Birth, but unworthy the Bays.

F I N I S.

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